

G.
I.
J.
O.
E.



Deadly Cheesecake...THE SIZZLING PIN-UPS **10c**

52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

ANC

No. 14
AUGUST

A 'Buddies' Special
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G.I. Joe in "The Greatest Struggle"

NO ONE WANTS TO BE A HERO! THE FOOT SOLDIERS DO THEIR JOBS TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY. HOWEVER, SOME MANAGE TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME; THESE ARE THE TRUE HEROES. PVT. GARLAND WOODS OF "CHARLIE" COMPANY WAS SUCH A MAN. AS OUR STORY OPENS HE HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO "BAKER" COMPANY. THE MEN ARE GREETING HIM...



TWO SILVER STARS MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO THE G.I.! FOR A BUDDY WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF IS THE BEST "LIFE INSURANCE" HE CAN BUY. SOME DAYS LATER, A TROUBLED LT. PARKER RALLIES HIS CHARGES...



THE WITHDRAWAL IS RAPID AND ORDERLY, AND AS BAKER COMPANY HEADS SOUTH...

SAY, JOE, WHAT'S THAT OLD MAN DOING THERE? I THOUGHT ALL THE NATIVES WERE EVACUATED LONG AGO!

THAT'S KIM LO, THE BLIND FARMER! HIS FAMILY HIDES IN THE HILLS WHEN THE REDS HOLD THIS AREA AND THEY COME BACK WHEN WE TAKE IT. BUT HE REFUSES TO LEAVE!

FINALLY, A HALT IS CALLED AT NIGHTFALL...

WE'LL SET UP A DEFENSE LINE HERE, SERGEANT! TAKE SOME MEN AND SCOUT THE AREA!

YES, SIR!

WOODS, GOMEZ AND MCKAY — TAKE THE RIGHT FLANK! BURCH AND I WILL GO IN THIS DIRECTION! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TO BE CAREFUL!

RIGHT, SARGE!

CAUTIOUSLY, THE G.I. TRIO ADVANCES THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, WHEN SUDDENLY...

OHHHH!

IT'S GOMEZ! THEY GOT HIM!

IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE!

QUIET! THEY'RE PROBABLY GETTING READY TO THROW ANOTHER KNIFE!

SUDDENLY...

WOODS! LOOK OUT! THEY -- OHHHHH...

YOU DIRTY, LITTLE BACK-STABBIN'...

BANG!

...AN' NOW FOR YOU! -- OW!

THE RIFLE FIRE BRINGS JOE AND MULVANEY ON THE DOUBLE...



NOTHIN' WE CAN DO FOR THE OTHERS, BUT WOODS IS STILL ALIVE! C'MON, JOE - WE'D BETTER GET HIM BACK!

THEY CAME OUT OF THE DARK... COULDN'T SEE 'EM! THEY CAME OUT OF THE DARK!

A WEEK LATER, WOODS IS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, AND HE RETURNS TO DUTY...

WOODS HAS BEEN ACTIN' MIGHTY QUEER SINCE HE CAME OUT OF THE REPAIR SHOP!



YEAH! I NOTICED THAT! HE'S ALWAYS SITTIN' NEAR A FIRE -- LIKE HE'S AFRAID OF SOME-THIN!



IT AIN'T LIKE HIM TO BE AFRAID! HE TURNED DOWN TWO VOLUNTEER PATROL MISSIONS LAST NIGHT! HE NEVER DID THAT BEFORE!

HEY, SARGE! FRONT AN' CENTER! LOOTENANT PARKER WANTS YA!

YOU SENT FOR ME, LOOTENANT?



SERGEANT, WORD FROM GHQ! THE UN. ARMIES ARE READY TO COUNTER-ATTACK! I WANT YOU TO TAKE A PATROL AND PROBE THE ENEMY'S POSITION!

SHORTLY AFTER, MULVANEY LEADS CORP. CARPUCCIO, JOE BURCH AND GARLAND WOODS IN A RECONNAISSANCE PATROL...

JOE, I-I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT THERE!

PULL YERSELF TOGETHER, KID! WE GOT A JOB TO DO! IF WE DON'T DO IT SOMEONE ELSE WILL! NOW, C'MON!



SUDDENLY...



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT...

TAKE COVER!



I CAN'T SEE 'EM! HOW CAN YA SHOOT SOMEONE YOU CAN'T SEE? THIS BLASTED DARKNESS!



I'M SCARED! I'M SCARED STIFF! CAN'T STAY HERE WITH THE MEN! I'LL GET THEM KILLED! GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!



GOTTA RUN! IT'S SO DARK! WHY DOESN'T IT GET LIGHT? CAN'T SEE! DARK! DARK!



A HOUSE! MAYBE I CAN HIDE THERE!



WHY ARE YOU AFRAID, MY SON?

KIM LO!
I-I FORGOT YOU'D BE HERE!



KIM LO IS ALWAYS HERE TO HELP THE TROUBLED! YOU ARE FRIGHTENED, AMERICAN SOLDIER?

YEAH, I'M SCARED STIFF! IT'S LIKE A BLANKET WERE THROWN OVER MY HEAD! MY HEART POUNDS--AND I WAIT... WAIT FOR DEATH TO COME OUT OF THE DARK!



IT IS **WE**, THE BLIND, WHO SHOULD BE AFRAID! FOR YOU THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A DAWN... A TOMORROW! FOR US--A CONSTANT DARKNESS... A NEVER-ENDING DAY!

YEAH--I KNOW THAT! BUT WHERE DOES IT GET ME? THERE'S DEATH OUT THERE! DEATH IN A KNIFE, A SHELL, HOT LEAD...



DEATH IS **EVERYWHERE**, MY SON! DEATH KNOWS NEITHER LIGHT NOR DARK! YOU HAVE LOST ALL FAITH! YOU HAVE LOST THE FAITH YOUR FRIENDS HAVE IN YOU! NOW YOU HAVE RUN AWAY, AND SOON YOUR FRIENDS WILL DIE!



AS WOODS REACHES THE BATTLE AREA...



BEWILDERED BY THE ATTACK FROM THEIR REAR, THE REDS TURN AND FLEE!





PUT IT THERE, KID! YES, SIR — THEY DON'T GIVE OUT SILVER STARS FOR NOTHIN'!



THE U.N. COUNTER-ATTACK LASTS THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE ENEMY IS DRIVEN NORTH, IN THE MORNING...

COME ON, YOU DOUGHFOOTS! GET THE LEAD OUT! WE'RE MOVIN' NORTH!



SAY, THERE'S THE OLD FARMER'S HOUSE — HEY, WOODS! WHERE YA GOIN'?

I'VE GOTTA SEE AN OLD MAN ABOUT A FAVOR HE DID ME!



WHERE'S THE OLD MAN? WHERE'D HE GO?

YOU MEAN KIM LO?



YEAH! YEAH! THAT'S HIM! WHERE IS HE?

KIM LO, HIM PASSED AWAY A WEEK AGO... DAY AFTER COMMUNISTS START ATTACK! HE WAS GOOD MAN, BUT HE WAS VERY OLD!



A WEEK AGO? THEN THERE WAS NO ONE IN THAT HUT BUT ME!



HEY, WOODS, COME ON! YA DON'T WANNA GET LOST AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, JOE! I WON'T GET LOST AGAIN, EVER!

THE END



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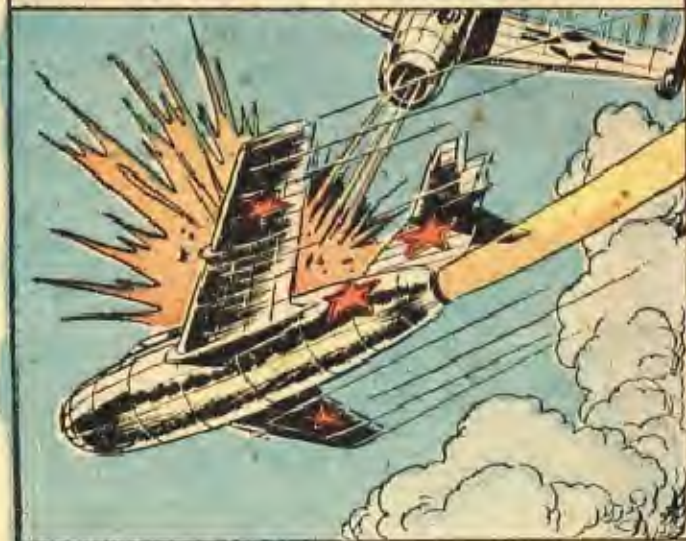
**MAIL
TODAY**

G.I. Joe and the "Sizzling Pin-Ups!"



THE COMMUNIST ENEMY IN KOREA ISN'T NOTED FOR WAGING WAR IN AN ETHICAL MANNER, BUT IN THE OPINION OF G.I. JOE BURCH AND SGT. MULVANEY, ALL THE FOUL, UNDER-HANDED RED TRICKS OF THE PAST DWINDLE INTO PUNY INSIGNIFICANCE WHEN COMPARED TO THEIR... "SIZZLING PIN-UPS!"

IT IS EARLY MORNING, G.I. JOE BURCH, SGT. MULVANEY AND THEIR MATES OF "BAKER" COMPANY WATCH A DOG-FIGHT IN THE KOREAN SKIES...



AS THE STRICKEN ENEMY CRAFT SPIRALS EARTHWARD, A FLOOD OF LEAFLETS CASCADES TOWARD THE G.I.'S BELOW...





SERGEANT, INVESTIGATE THAT MIG CRASH! IF THE PILOT'S ALIVE, BRING HIM IN FOR INTERROGATION!

YES, SIR!

LATER, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH...



LOOK, SARGE!

ON YOUR FEET, YOU! AN' KEEP THEM PAWS RAISED!

NO SHOOT! NO SHOOT!



I GO NOW TO PRISON CAMP, YES?

DID YOU EVER SEE A RED SO DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY ABOUT SURRENDERIN' BEATS ME!

KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE I SEARCH HIS PLANE!

HEY, JOE! TIME'S A-WASTIN! GET OUTA THAT PLANE!



OH, HAPPY DAY!!



LOOK, SARGE! MORE PIN-UPS!

(GASP!) A REG'AR GOLD-MINE!!!



WHAT LUCK! THIS DAY'LL GO DOWN
IN BAKER COMPANY AS 'PIN-UP DAY'!
GRAB A BUNCH, AN'
LET'S GO!

WE SHOULD
BREAK OUR BACKS,
WHEN WE GOT US
A PRISONER? OH, NO!
YOU! LUG THEM
PIN-UPS!

NO! NO
CARRY!



LOOK, BUSTER! YOU DO
LIKE I SAY, OR I'LL
BAT THAT NOSE CLEAN
OUT THE BACK O'
YER HEAD!

(GULP!)
WILL DO!



WILL YA LOOKIT
THE CREEP,
SARGE? HE
CARRIES THEM
PIN-UPS LIKE
THEY WAS
MINIATURE
ATOM BOMBS!

DARNED
PECULIAR, THESE
COMMIES! HEY!
YOU'RE DROPPIN'
THEM, YA
DOPE!



PICK 'EM UP!
AN' WE'LL HAVE
NO MORE O'
THAT, SEE?

NO
WONDER
HE KEEPS
DROPPIN' 'EM!
LOOK HOW FAR
HE HOLDS 'EM
FROM HIS
BODY?



CARRY 'EM
LIKE THIS!
SAVVY?

ME...
SAVVY...



AIEEEEE!

HOLY
SMOKE!

HE'S TURNED
INTO A HUMAN
TORCH!



C'MON, SARGE -
HELP ME BEAT
THESE FLAMES
OUT!

SOON, THE FLAMES ARE EXTINGUISHED
AND...

NOW,
WHAT IN
BLAZES
BROUGHT
THAT ON?

HOLY CATS,
SARGE--I GOT
IT! THEM PIN-UPS
MUST BE INCENDIARIES
THAT MELT AT BODY
HEAT! THAT'S WHY THEM
POLECATS WAS SO
GENEROUS
WITH 'EM!



I HATE TO ADMIT IT,
JOE, BUT **YOU'RE
RIGHT!** DUMP YER
PIN-UP! **QUICK!**

YEAH, AN' WE BETTER GET
BACK TO OUR UNIT **FAST**,
BEFORE THE WHOLE
COMPANY GOES UP
IN SMOKE!



YANKEE DOGS WILL
PLEASE TO SURRENDER
--OR BE SHOT DEAD!

OH-OH!

A CHINESE
PATROL!



GIVE LOOK!
HOTSY-TOTSY
PIN-UPS!

赶紧看!
多大学!!

HEY, JOE! THE
PILOT AIN'T TIPPING
'EM OFF ABOUT
THE PIN-UPS!



YOW!P! NOW!
HOT PIN-UPS
ARE BURNING
UP!

HEY, LOOKIT!
OUR
PRISONER IS
HELPIN' US!



AND AS JOE AND THE SARGE LEAD THEIR PRISONER TO LT. PARKER...



Pvt.

BRAGG

IN

**"RUGGED
ROTATION"**

THAT'S
ME!

HEY, DIDYA NOTICE
BRAGG'S BEEN
ACTIN' KINDA
FUNNY LATELY?

YEAH, HE AIN'T
BEEN GRIPIN'!

- OR GOOFIN'
OFF!



by BROWN + GANTZ.

HE'S BEEN WHISTLING
AND HUMMING TO
HIMSELF-

YEAH! JUST LIKE
HE WAS BACK
HOME!



HEY, BRAGG- AIN'T
YOU OUTTA
CHARACTER,
ACTIN' SO
CHEERFUL?

NOPE-TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS
AND WEEP!











MAIL CALL

HERE'S GOOD NEWS--A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIPTION RATE FOR 12 BIG ISSUES OF MY COMIC BOOK--ONLY \$1.00! REGULAR RATE IS \$1.20--SO YOU SAVE 20¢. ASK MOM OR DAD TO HELP YOU OUT! SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO ME: **G.I. JOE**—ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEPARTMENT ACC, 366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 N.Y.

THANKS, GUYS, FOR ALL YOUR SWELL LETTERS! THEY'RE REALLY POURING IN! KEEP 'EM COMIN'! BELOW, ARE A FEW EXCERPTS OF LETTERS FROM SOME OF MY PALS! IS YOUR LETTER HERE?

... I enjoy reading your comic book very much. First, I like reading books about what all of our boys are doing. Second, I go with a boy stationed at Fort Dix, N.J. His name is Joe Burch. In quite a few ways my Joe is like yours, only he doesn't get into that much trouble. I want to tell you how much I like reading G.I. Joe and hope that your Joe Burch will become a Pfc. like mine pretty soon.

Miss Patti Brawley, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

My mother never liked me to read war comic books but one day she read one of your books and enjoyed it.

Maurice Boggs, Myrtle Creek, Oregon

I think your comic is one of the best war comics I have ever read. Your cover is beautifully illustrated. I like every one of Ziff-Davis' comics and save them all.

John Oster, Vancouver, B.C.

I am an American boy and live in the Dominican Republic. All my friends can't wait till your comics get here, and when they do there is always a fight over them.

William Yate, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic

I prefer G.I. Joe to any other war comic I have seen. I haven't missed one issue of it since I first saw it on our comic stand, and I intend to keep getting it as long as I can.

John Howe, Vanderhoof, B.C.

I've been reading G.I. Joe comics ever since they first came out.

Your stories are good but some of them are impossible and silly.

If you put in more stories such as "Dear John" and "Ancient Sam" (MARCH ISSUE #9) I think it would be more realistic.

Keep up the good work!

Tommy Tomiyama, Los Angeles, Calif.

Since G.I. Joe is every soldier it has more of a meaning. I would like to get a subscription so I would get them regularly.

I love the book and hope it will continue to collect fans as I am sure it is every day.

Miss Alice M. Fenimore, Coraopolis, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS IS YOUR PAGE. LET US KNOW WHAT KIND OF STORIES YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN G.I. JOE. WE'LL TRY TO PRINT AS MANY AS WE CAN.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF SOME OF JOE'S OTHER FANS WHO WERE KIND ENOUGH TO WRITE:

RONALD FOURINER, EDDA M. REINHARDT, HARRY LENNON, BOB COX, JAMES SWICK, DENNIS RUSH, JIMMY PLAIT, MARGY LYNN OLSON, BILL HENRY, RICHARD S. NORTON, RONNIE FITZPATRICK, DOUGLAS PETERS, LEONARD BELL, GEORGE R. TYGART, DAN KENNEDY.

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The MAN BEHIND THE MUSTACHE

PVT. HARRY WEEKS WAS A LITTLE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS VIRILITY IN A HUGE, HANDLE-BAR MUSTACHE. HOWEVER, THE INEFFECTUAL, BEWILDERED WEEKS FOOLED NO ONE BUT HIMSELF. FOR HIS GI BUDDIES WERE WELL AWARE OF HIS SHORTCOMINGS, AS EVIDENCED BY SGT. LEGRANDE, WHO LEADS HIS MEN BACK FROM A SUCCESSFUL MISSION...





BUT-BUT THEY TOLD ME WATER WAS SCARCE, SERGEANT! I THOUGHT THAT CANTEEN WAS IMPORTANT!

SHUT UP, FUZZ-FACE! IF I SEE YOU OR THAT MUSTACHE AROUND HERE AGAIN I'LL HAVE YOU **BOTH** COURT-MARTIALED!



BOY--WHAT A HEALTHY LOOKIN' CASUALTY! TIRED OF FIGHTIN' THE WAR, WEEKS?

AW, WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF, DOWLING? NOT EVERYONE CAN BE A HERO!



I HOPE YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT RIFLE, WEEKS! THIS ROAD IS HOT WITH ENEMY PATROLS!

BUT--BUT WE'RE BEHIND THE FRONT!



LISTEN--THIS ROAD'S SO BOOBY-TRAPPED AND SCOUTED THAT WE CONSIDER THE FRONT A REST CURE!

G-GOSH!



BY THE WAY, WEEKS, THEY'VE GOT A NEW TOPKICK AT THE REPLACEMENT CENTER-- AN' THEY SAY HE HATES MUSTACHES!

THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR JOKES! WE GOTTA KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

SUDDENLY THE LEAD AMBULANCE COMES TO A HALT!



HOW-HOW COME WE'RE STOPPIN' HERE?

SHUT UP! SOMETHIN'S WRONG!



WE WERE SUPPOSED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH AN ESCORT WEAPONS CARRIER — BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF ONE!

WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

SUDDENLY...



LAND MINE!



RED MACHINE GUNS!

WE'RE SURROUNDED!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT.



GIVE ME THAT GRENADE, KID! I'LL BUST UP THAT CHARGE!

NO! WE-WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

THE REDS CAPTURE WEEKS AND DOWLING. AS THEY MARCH THROUGH THE HILLS...



YOU SKUNK! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR HANGING ONTO THOSE GRENADES! WE MIGHT'VE FOUGHT OUR WAY OUT OF THE TRAP!

WE'RE STILL ALIVE.. THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! MAYBE WE'LL GET OUTTA THIS MESS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, IN THE ENEMY CAMP...



GEE—THIS SITTING AROUND IS GIVING ME THE CREEPS! WHAT'LL THEY DO TO US?

DUNNO, BUT WE HAVEN'T LONG TO WAIT, NOW! THEY'RE HEADIN' OUR WAY!



HEY--LEGGO! NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA DIE! NO!



SUDDENLY, THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, AND WEEKS KNOWS IT. FOR NOW HE STANDS ALONE, HIS MUSTACHE, LONG A FALSE SYMBOL OF VIRILITY, HAS BEEN DESTROYED. AND IN THE PLACE OF THE MILD-MANNÉRED, FRIGHTENED WEEKS, THERE NOW STANDS AN ANGRY MAN, WHO TEARS INTO HIS FOE WITH A VENGEANCE...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, "CHARLIE" COMPANY'S FIRST PLATOON GETS THE SURPRISE OF ITS LIFE AS IT ADVANCES TOWARD THE SECRET PASS...



THE END

G.I. GIGGLES



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THE QUIET ALARM

SOMETHING was going to happen. It was too quiet. Usually, this time of night, you heard trucks moving, tin banging and a low murmur of voices as the Commies ate chow. Sometimes, across the river, you could even see a match flare, as a Red soldier lighted up for a last smoke before hitting the sack.

But tonight was different. Not a sound, anywhere.

I hugged the phone box close to me. It was the only link I had with the Command Post two miles back. Beyond the one hundred yards of Yesong River there were fifty thousand Reds. Suddenly, the phone rang.

It was Lt. Brady. "How are things up there, Prather?"

"I don't like it, Lieutenant," I replied. "It's so quiet across the river I'm scared they'll hear me breathin'."

A pause at the other end. Then Lieutenant Brady's voice floated in softly. "Okay, stay right there. You're going to have company."

"Swell! I could use some. It gets nerve rackin' up here alone—"

"The four of you will be going across," Brady's voice cut in. "The others will brief you when they get there. You'll be in charge."

"Across? You mean across the river! There's two Red divisions over there!"

"Three, maybe more by this time. That's what we've got to know. It's up to you and your men to find out. Good luck, Sergeant." The phone rang off.

Good luck! It would have to be a miracle to get across the river without arousing the whole Commie camp. The air was so still a paddle in the water would sound like a clap of thunder. Some luck!

An hour later, I heard a loud snapping of twigs behind me. The men were coming. I held my breath as they crashed through the woods and approached the water's edge.

Joe Greer, Matt Tilden and Ed Johnson. Three good men.

"All right, let's hear the bad news. How snafued can S-2 get?"

"Plenty! Colonel thinks the Reds have added strength and moved downstream to make a crossing. We gotta find out."

"Fine! A cinch! Did you bring the water wings, or do we go by Liberty ship?"

Johnson shoved something at me. "Here, Prather, take this. It's a length of pipe. You walk underwater with one end in your mouth. The idea is to keep the other end out of the water so you can breathe."

"What a screwy idea!"

"What did you expect, a submarine?"

"Nuts! You guys ready? Okay, let's go swimmin'. And when we get to the other side, come up slow. We don't want to tear up the water like a Navy task force. Got that?"

"Got it."

I stuck the pipe in my mouth and lowered myself into the water.

Joe Greer and Matt Tilden came up at the same time I did, breaking water softly like a pair of seals. Perfect! I was proud of them, and for a minute I had hopes of accomplishing our crazy mission, after all.

But then Ed Johnson came up. He was sputtering and choking. He had swallowed a little too much Yesong, and in his misery was flailing and splashing around in the rest of it, making enough noise for a dozen men.

"Slap me," he hollered, pointing his thumb at his back. "Ooww! I'm dyin'!"

Greer and Tilden were already out of sight. I wanted concealment, too. I made a dive for a bush of my own, and I took Johnson with me.

Five minutes of silence, except for Johnson's muffled coughing, as he slowly got his throat under

control. I began to breathe easier. No Red soldiers yet, and no burst of gunfire from the woods.

"Nobody here," Johnson said, crawling out from under his bush. "Colonel must be right. They went downstream. We might as well go back and report it."

I still didn't like the way things stacked up. "Not yet," I whispered. "It's too quiet. I smell trouble."

"I smell something, too," Greer said, sniffing the air. "Like gasoline, or maybe naphtha."

We all smelled it as we moved away from the water's edge and cautiously picked our way through the underbrush. It seemed to hang in the still air, like a smothering blanket. After a few minutes more of it, I halted the advance. More than ever, I was convinced something mighty unusual was going to happen—or *was* happening! But what bothered me even more than the peculiar smell was the silence—the complete silence. It couldn't be right! Where were the ordinary night sounds, the buzzing of insects, the chirping of crickets? And why, *if the Commies had moved down river*, had they left their equipment behind?

Tilden grabbed my arm as I started forward. "Hold it, Sarge! I saw something move out there. Look! There he is! A sentry!"

The sentry wasn't alone. In a matter of seconds he was joined by five others. They all carried rifles. We sat tight, watching them, waiting for others to show.

None came. Six to four. The odds weren't too bad against us, so long as we sneaked up on them quietly. And the lead pipes we had hung onto wouldn't make any noise when we used them. But Johnson worried me. He would be a good man at the hand-to-hand stuff, but I hoped against hope that he wouldn't crash into something. Ed Johnson was the furthest thing from a ballerina.

"We had closed the distance to about twenty feet when Johnson stumbled over an empty five-gallon can. Clang! Crash! Bang! I thought the clatter would never stop as Johnson wrestled on the ground with it.

Startled, the Commies lifted their rifles and began filling the air with lead. Nothing to do now but

cover those last twenty feet in a hurry. Johnson, miraculously still alive, was at my side as our four-man wave swarmed over the Red sentries.

Give me a lead pipe any time at close quarters. It took about two minutes for the four of us to polish off five Reds. The sixth one didn't want the lead pipe treatment. He fell to his knees and begged for mercy.

"Let's take him back with us," suggested Joe Greer. "Maybe S-2 can get something out of him."

"I talk—I talk!" promised our prisoner in English.

"Good!" I said. "Hold him here, Johnson, while the rest of us patrol the area. If he tries to get away, slug him."

"Right, Sarge!"

Three hours later, our mission was completed. We delivered our captive to S-2 and I gave Lt. Brady a full report for the Colonel. The Lieutenant was pleased. He gave me a pat on the back and walked with me to the field kitchens where I grabbed a bologna sandwich and filled my canteen with black coffee.

"Funny, isn't it, Sergeant! When you don't hear the enemy stirring around, you can almost bet there's something in the wind. Like tonight, for instance. We couldn't figure it. Turns out the Reds are trying to stop a typhoid epidemic by moving out temporarily and spraying the area with insecticide. No wonder you didn't even hear bug-noises."

"I still don't like it when it's too quiet," I said between mouthfuls.

"I don't blame you. Check in on the phone with me when you get back to the river!" Brady spat out the rest of his coffee and stood up. "See you later."

I rang Brady the minute I got back to the water's edge. "H'lo, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, how's it going up there?"

"Everything's copasetic. They're movin' back in. I can hear tin bangin' and trucks movin' and a lot of mixed-up jabber. I'll call you if I *don't* hear anything."

THE END

BUDDIES in

"The Wedding Ring"

RARELY DO SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD GET A CHANCE TO CELEBRATE A JOYOUS OCCASION! HOWEVER, WHEN IT CAME TO 'OPERATION MARRIAGE,' ALL OF BAKER COMPANY PITCHED IN TO HELP PVT. BILL MORGAN ACQUIRE...
"THE WEDDING RING"



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, "BAKER" COMPANY IS READY TO MOVE UP...



AS THE BATTLE RAGES...



THE FIGHTING IS OVER FOR PVT. BILL MORGAN, BUT 'BAKER' COMPANY SUCCEEDS IN DRIVING THE REDS OFF. THE NEXT DAY AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, A SMALL DELEGATION OF G.I.'S MEETS WITH CAPTAIN KING...



THANKS, CAP'N! THIS IS GONNA MEAN A LOT TO MORGAN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PLANNING BEGINS IN EARNEST...



WE'D LIKE A REAL CHURCH WEDDING, CHAPLAIN — WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS!

BUT, SHORTY — HOW WE GONNA DO THAT? WE AIN'T GOT A CHURCH HERE!



SURE, WE HAVE! A PAGODA'S A CHURCH, AIN'T IT, SIR?

IT CERTAINLY IS, SHORTY! THE PAGODA WILL MAKE A FINE CHAPEL!

EVERY SOLDIER NOT ON DUTY IS RECRUITED FOR OPERATION ORANGE BLOSSOM...



HEY! THIS AIN'T NO CARNIVAL! I TOLD YOU GUYS TO USE LOTSA WHITE! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, FRANKIE?

BET EES EXQUISITE! AN' I AM BAKING A WEDDING CAKE, LIKE YOU 'AVE NEVER SEE BEFORE!

SWELL, SWELL! YOU KNOW, THIS AIN'T GONNA BE HALF BAD! I KINDA WISH I WUZ GETTING MARRIED MYSELF!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL...



HOW'S BILL, MAJOR? HE'S GONNA BE WELL ENOUGH FOR THE WEDDING, AIN'T HE?

HE'S NOT RESPONDING TO TREATMENT! MAYBE **YOU** CAN HELP HIM!

MORGAN, HERE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS!



I-I KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS ARE DOING -- BUT IT'S NO GOOD! I DON'T WANT ANNE TO COME HERE! I DON'T WANT HER TO SEE ME LIKE THIS! ALL SCARRED UP! I DON'T WANT HER TO **EVER** SEE ME!

YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY, BILL!

HEY, SHORTY! SOMETHIN' CAME UP! IT'S SERIOUS!



WE WUZ HAVING WEDDING REHEARSAL AND SOMEONE JUST REMEMBERED WE AIN'T GOT NO RING!

YEOW! THIS IS SERIOUS! C'MON!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CHURCH...

... THEN BERG STEPS BACK AND THE GROOM TAKES HIS PLACE BESIDE THE BRIDE!

I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN STAND IT! MY LITTLE HENSHAW MARRIED!

SHUT UP, BIRDBRAIN!

WHAT DO I DO NOW, CHAPLAIN?



AS SHORTY ENTERS THE CHURCH...

YOU LOOK WORRIED, WEBSTER! WHAT'S UP?

A LOTTA THINGS, SIR! FIRST OF ALL, BILL AIN'T GETTIN' ANY BETTER! AN' NOW I JUST FOUND OUT WE AIN'T GOT A WEDDING RING!

MAYBE I CAN HELP OUT WITH THE RING! YOU CAN USE MINE FOR THE CEREMONY!

I DON'T MEAN TO BE UNGRATEFUL, CAPTAIN - BUT MAYBE - MAYBE ANNE WOULD WANT A BRAND-NEW RING! Y'KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE...

HEY, SHORTY - DOOLIN'S GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN... BZZZZZZZ...

TERRIFIC! SAY, YOU GUYS! GATHER 'ROUND...



I'M GONNA ASK EVERYBODY HERE TO MAKE A BIG SACRIFICE FOR BILL MORGAN! NO ONE'S FORCING YA! NOW, THIS IS THE DEAL!

THE NEXT DAY, BILL MORGAN HAS A VISITOR...

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, MORGAN?

I'D LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE, MAJOR! WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS? WHY DO THEY HAVE TO CARRY ON LIKE THIS?



YOU **ARE** OUR BUSINESS, MORGAN! THOSE MEN OUT THERE AREN'T STRANGERS YOU MET ON A TRAIN! THEY'RE YOUR BUDDIES! THEY WANT TO HELP

YOU, BECAUSE SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO HELP THEM! HERE - THEY ASKED ME TO SHOW YOU THIS - IT'S A WEDDING RING!

SO NOW YOU'VE GOT THE RING AN' YOU'VE GOT THE BRIDE! I'M AFRAID THE GROOM'S GONNA HAVE TO SAY **NO!** HOW CAN I LET ANNE SEE ME LIKE THIS? - WITH HALF A FACE?

LISTEN, MORGAN, MAYBE YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE BITTER, BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD KNOW! YOUR BUDDIES MADE THIS RING FOR YOU... THEY'VE ALL GOT A SHARE IN IT! THIS MARRIAGE IS IMPORTANT TO THEM - IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO MAKE THEM **VOLUNTEER** THEIR **GOLD FILLINGS!** IT'S UP TO YOU, MORGAN!

THEY DID THAT FOR ME? THEIR **GOLD FILLINGS?**

MAJOR, COULD-**COULD** YOU LEAVE ME ALONE TO SORTA THINK THINGS OUT? I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THINGS A LITTLE DIFFERENT NOW!

CERTAINLY, MORGAN.

AND SOME HOURS LATER...

HEY, GUYS! EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL OKAY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MAJOR TOLD BILL - BUT IT SURE WORKED!

AND THAT SAME DAY...

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE...

I CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S SO BEE-YOU-TI-FUL!

HEY, SARGE - WHAT'S WRONG? YA SICK OR SOMETHIN'?

THE FOLLOWING DAY, PVT. ANNE SWENSON ARRIVES...

OH, BILL, BILL DARLING!

ANNE! OH, ANNE! I ALMOST LOST YOU!

A SHORT WHILE LATER IN THE MESS HALL...

I THINK THE CHEF REALLY DESERVES THE FIRST PIECE!

OH, MADEMOISELLE -- YOU ARE AS KIND AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL!

SINCE THE GROOM HAS MADE SUCH A REMARKABLE RECOVERY, THE COMMANDING OFFICER HAS GRANTED HIM A FIFTEEN-DAY EMERGENCY FURLOUGH!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, HONEY? GOSH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GOOD-BYE, AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

WE OWE YOU THE THANKS! YOU TWO MADE A BUNCH OF LONELY DOG FACES THE HAPPIEST GUYS IN THE WORLD! GOOD LUCK!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

HEY, SHORTY-- COME AND SEE THE PRISONER DIXON JUST BROUGHT IN!

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS BIRD? A RED'S A RED!

THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT! C'MON, JUNIOR, OPEN YOUR MOUTH!

OH, NO! THIRTY-TWO SOLID GOLD TEETH!

WHERE YA GOIN', SHORTY?

TO BREAK DIXON'S NECK! WHY DIDN'T HE BRING THIS GUY IN YESTERDAY?

THE END

A DRINK OF WATER

ON JULY 3, 1942, AT EL ALAMEIN, THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY STOPPED ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS COLD. THE GREAT VICTORY SAVED ALEXANDRIA, GATEWAY TO THE EAST, AND PREVENTED A NAZI-JAP WORLD LINKING! THE ALLIES RECEIVED THE NEWS WITH WILD ACCLAIM, BUT LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE HOW CLOSE THE EIGHTH ARMY HAD COME TO DISASTROUS DEFEAT. IT ALL STARTED JULY 3RD, WHEN THREE CRACK PANZER UNITS SLIPPED THROUGH...



WE HAVE BROKEN THROUGH THE BRITISH LINE! BEFORE US LIES ALEXANDRIA, AND A GREAT VICTORY FOR OUR GLORIOUS FUHRER! VORWARTS!!



ALL NIGHT THE PANZERS ROLLED BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES! AT DAWN THEY SAW THE SPIRES OF ALEXANDRIA SHINING IN THE HOT DESERT SUN! MEANWHILE A BRITISH FORCE WAS RACING TO MAKE CONTACT...

THE BATTLE WAS JOINED: ALL MORNING THE FIGHTING RAGED IN THE BLAZING HEAT! BUT THE GERMAN 88'S BEGAN TO TAKE THEIR TOLL...



THERE THEY ARE! FIFTY TANKS... ABOUT 5000 MEN... AND THOSE BLASTED 88'S! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! SIGNAL THE ATTACK!



WE CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND THE MEN WILL CRACK!

THE BATTLE RAGED ON... TEN MINUTES... FIFTEEN... TWENTY... STILL THE STUBBORN, DESPERATE BRITISH HELD... THEN...



THIS IS IT, LADS! WE CAN'T STOP THEM! GET READY TO PULL OUT!

LOOK, SIR! THE BLINKIN' TANKS ARE RUNNIN'! THEY'RE RUNNIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! IT'S FANTASTIC! COME ON, LADS! AFTER THEM!





THEY'RE GIVIN' UP, SIR! THE WHOLE MESS OF 'EM!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE IT! THE 90TH LIGHT PANZER DIVISION SURRENDERING!



WASSER! WASSER! BITTE! WASSER! BITTE!



BLIMEY, SIR! THEIR MOUTHS ARE ALL PARCHED AND BLOODY!

GIVE THEM WATER, SERGEANT! FUNNY, OUR MEN ARE DONE IN, BUT THEY AREN'T SUFFERING FROM THIRST LIKE THESE FOOR DEVILS!

LATER, IT WAS LEARNED THAT THE DAY THE NAZIS HAD OVERRUN THE BRITISH DEFENSES THEY HAD BEEN WITHOUT WATER FOR 24 HOURS! BUT IN THE BRITISH CAMP A WATER PIPELINE WAS FOUND...



WHAT THE NAZIS DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE PIPELINE WAS BEING TESTED WITH SALT WATER! THEIR THROATS ANESTHETIZED BY LONG USAGE OF BRACKISH WATER AND GREAT THIRST, THE GERMANS HAD NOT DETECTED THEIR ERROR! LATER, AFTER THE BREAKTHROUGH...



MEIN HAUPTMANN! THE MEN'S THROATS ARE PARCHED AND BLEEDING! THEIR THIRST IS VERY GREAT!

HIMMEL! THAT WATER... IN THE PIPE... MUST HAVE BEEN SALT!



THIS IS BAD... BUT WE WILL BE IN ALEXANDRIA IN THE MORNING! THERE WE SHALL FIND BOTH VICTORY AND WATER!

BUT THE DESPERATE AND GALLANT BRITISH STAND HAD DELAYED THE NAZI ADVANCE JUST LONG ENOUGH! THE THIRST CRAZED GERMANS CRACKED AND SURRENDERED. IF THE NAZIS HAD FOUND THE PIPELINE A DAY LATER IT WOULD HAVE HELD FRESH WATER! ON JUST SUCH SLENDER COINCIDENCES DOES THE DESTINY OF A BATTLE SOMETIMES DEPEND!

SGT. MCTUFF

NOW SHOWING
"DEATH AT DAWN"
A THRILLING WHODUNIT



The Coolest, Cleanest, Easiest SHAVES of YOUR LIFE!

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mechanical defects! Rush your order. Quantities are limited. Send only \$1.00 with order. Pay postman \$3.95 plus 70c postage on delivery. Or send \$4.95 with order and we ship postage paid! LADIES—NOTE—the Sterling shaves underarms, legs, smooth and fast... no stubble.

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G.I. Joe in Mulvaney's Serenade

SERGEANT MULVANEY HAD ALWAYS BOASTED THAT THE BATTLE-HARDENED MEN IN HIS OUTFIT WERE "TOUGH AS NAILS." THE HIGH MORALE AND FIGHTING SPIRIT OF "BAKER" COMPANY WAS THE HARD-BOILED SERGEANT'S PRIDE AND JOY. BUT NOW, A YOUNG RECRUIT AND HIS VIOLIN THREATEN TO DENT THE ARMOR MULVANEY HAS SO CAREFULLY FORGED. WE SEE THE BOYS RELAXING AT A REST CAMP IN KOREA. BUT THERE IS NO REST FOR MULVANEY..







SOON, BAKER COMPANY IS SECURED AT A NEW DEFENSE LINE, BUT CHAD GRUBER MISSES HIS VIOLIN...



MEANWHILE, AT BAKER COMPANY'S EVACUATED REST CAMP...





OF COURSE! THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER! THE AMERICAN SCALE DIFFERS FROM OURS! PERHAPS IF I CHANGE THE STRINGS...



MEANWHILE, COMPANY "B" KEEPS A SILENT VIGIL. SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC!

WAIT! THAT'S MY VIOLIN!



I'M GONNA GET IT BACK!

STEADY, KID! DON'T GET ANY WILD IDEAS!

LOOK, JOE! MAYBE WE CAN GET UP A DETAIL TO GET THE KID'S FIDDLE!



WHAT KINDA TALK IS THAT? HOW D'YA KNOW IT AIN'T AN ENEMY TRAP?

MULVANEY'S RIGHT! WE'D NEVER HAVE A CHANCE!



BUT IF ONE MAN WENT OUT, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE IT! HOW ABOUT IT, SARGE? CAN I TAKE A CRACK AT IT?

ARE YOU NUTS? I AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY GET KILLED OVER A LOUSY FIDDLE!



FORGET IT, GUYS! IT-IT AIN'T THAT IMPORTANT!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', KID! WE'RE

BETTER OFF WITHOUT THAT SCREECH-BOX!



ONLY A TIN-EAR SERGEANT CAN MAKE A CRACK LIKE THAT!

AAH! YOU GUYS GIMME A PAIN! I'M GOIN' FOR A WALK!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

SAY! WHAT'S KEEPIN' MULVANEY? THAT'S A PRETTY LONG WALK HE'S TAKIN'!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-

MACHINE GUNS! THEY GOT MULVANEY!

HEY! IT JUST DAWNED ON ME! I'LL BET—

WEAPONS IN HANDS, THE MEN RISE, BUT THEN...

WHERE DO YA THINK YOU GUYS ARE GOIN'?

SARGE! YOU'RE ALIVE! AN' YOU GOT CHAD'S FIDDLE!

WELL, I COULDN'T STAND WATCHIN' YOU GUYS MOPIN' LIKE A BUNCH OF SAD SACKS!

MY VIOLIN!

PLAY SOMETHIN' CHAD! IT'LL BE GOOD T'HEAR THE OL' SCHREECH-BOX AGAIN!

HEY! SOME-THIN'S WRONG! IT'S ALL OUTA TUNE!

THOSE LOUSY REDS SWITCHED STRINGS ON ME! HOW LOW CAN PEOPLE GET?

SCREEEE! SQUEAK!

WELL, CHANGE 'EM BACK OR THROW THE BLASTED THING AWAY! THAT NOISE IS KILLIN' US!

SQUEEEEEE!

GRUBER! DON'T YOU PARE CHANGE IT! THAT MUSIC'S BEE-YOO-TEE-FUL!

DON'T STOP, CHAD! DON'T NEVER STOP!

AW, SARGE! HAVE A HEART! PLEASE!

WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

AWAK! SCREEEE!

THE END

G.I. Joe in Home, Sweet Home

FURLOUGH! TO A GI THE WORD MEANS HOME, LOVED ONES, LEISURE AND A CHANCE TO FORGET, BRIEFLY, THE MISERY, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THAT HAVE BEEN HIS PORTION THROUGH WEARY MONTHS OF FIGHTING. NO ONE APPRECIATES THE RESPITE MORE THAN JOE BURCH, TAKING IT EASY IN HIS HOMETOWN BARBER SHOP IN SUNNY RIDGE. EVERYONE IS DELIGHTED TO SEE G.I. JOE, EXCEPT RICK STONE...



A HALF HOUR LATER...

THE REASON WE DIDN'T LET YOU SLUG RICK STONE IS BECAUSE HE'S NUTS! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIM SINCE HE WAS SHOT UP IN THE LAST WAR!

GEE, THAT'S TOUGH!

SEE, RICK'S JUST JEALOUS OF EVERY G.I. WHO COMES HOME IN ONE PIECE! TOO BAD, 'CAUSE HE WAS A NICE GUY ONCE!

I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, POP! SAY! I'D BETTER SHOVE OFF! SUSIE MUST BE WAITING FOR ME!

I ALMOST HAD A RUN-IN WITH RICK STONE TODAY! KNOW HIM, HONEY?

YES, POOR RICK! HE'S STILL BITTER! THE DOCTORS GAVE HIM A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH, BUT—OH, JOE, LOOK! HERE'S DOC BARNES!

C'MON, KIDS! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT! WHERE CAN I DROP YOU?

ANYWHERE, DOC! WE WERE JUST GOIN' FOR A WALK!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME ALONG, DOCTOR! I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT RICK STONE!

RICK STONE? VERY INTERESTING CASE—PUZZLING, TOO! HE'S ALL RIGHT PHYSICALLY, BUT HE CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE AN EMOTIONAL ADJUSTMENT!

SAY, THERE HE IS NOW! LET US OUT, WILL YOU, DOC? I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HIM!

A WORD OF ADVICE, JOE! DON'T GO OVERBOARD! DON'T LET HIM FEEL THAT YOU'RE SORRY FOR HIM!

AND I'M COMING WITH YOU TO SEE THAT THERE'S NO ROUGHHOUSE!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR JUMPING YOU TODAY AT THE BARBER SHOP!



OKAY, OKAY, SO YOU'RE SORRY! NOW, SCRAM AN' LEAVE ME ALONE! I DON'T NEED ANYONE'S SYMPATHY!

LOOK, FELLER— I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF GUYS IN KOREA GET ROUGHER DEALS THAN YOURS! BUT BELIEVE ME, THOSE GUYS DON'T THINK IT'S HOPELESS!



I SEE YOU'RE IN COMBAT INFANTRY... THAT'S WHAT I WAS IN! MUSTA SEEN A LOT OF ACTION, HUH? I HAD YOU FIGGERED ALL WRONG! COME ON IN— I FEEL LIKE TALKIN'!

THANKS! THE NAME IS JOE—JOE BURCH, AN' THIS IS SUSIE!



WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS ARE YOU IN, RICK?

I USED TO BE A HOT RE-WRITE MAN ON A NEWSPAPER, BUT I GOT A RAW DEAL EVERY PLACE I WENT! I GUESS THEY DIDN'T LIKE WHAT I HAD TO SAY ABOUT THE ARMY!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'D GET CANNED FOR THAT!

THAT'S PART OF IT! LISTEN, JOE—I CAN'T WRITE TO SAVE MY NECK NOW! THE WORDS WON'T COME! I GET SIDETRACKED AND PANICKY! MY HANDS SWEAT AND SHAKE, AND MY HEAD ACHES!



THINGS ARE GETTING PRETTY ROUGH! HAVEN'T EARNED A CENT IN MONTHS! THE PENSION HELPS A BIT, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO LIVE ON... NOW, WHO CAN THAT BE?

RRINNNING!



WHY, SUSIE! WHAT A SURPRISE!
AND THIS MUST BE JOE! I SAW
HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER! I'M
AWFULLY GLAD YOU TWO
DROPPED IN TO SEE RICK!

HE GETS
VERY
LONELY!

WHO ASKED YOU? WILL
YOU KINDLY STOP
MESSING IN MY
AFFAIRS, LOIS?



HAVE YOU SEEN
ANY OF RICK'S
WORK? HE'S
TERRIFIC! HERE,
I'LL SHOW YOU!

GET AWAY FROM
THERE! NOBODY'S
INTERESTED IN
RICK STONE!



WELL, I-I GUESS
WE'D BETTER BE
SHOVING OFF!

YOU THINK I'M A HEEL,
DON'T YOU? WELL, JUST
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!
I WANT TO BE
LEFT ALONE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

POOR LOIS! SHE'S STUCK
WITH RICK FOR OVER
A YEAR, BUT I DON'T SEE
HOW IT CAN LAST MUCH
LONGER!

SOMETHING'S
GOTTA BE DONE
FOR HIM... HE'S
TOO - SHH - HERE
COMES LOIS!



I'M SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED... IT
WAS MY FAULT... SOB... I WAS JUST SO
HAPPY TO SEE RICK TALKING TO PEOPLE
AGAIN! HE USED TO BE SO SWEET
BEFORE THE WAR, BUT NOW...

IT WASN'T YOUR
FAULT, LOIS!
RICK JUST FEELS
THE WHOLE
WORLD'S AGAINST
HIM! IT'LL WORK
OUT, LOIS -
DON'T WORRY!



LATER THAT NIGHT... THANKS FOR A WONDER-
FUL EVENING, JOE! IT'S SWELL HAVING YOU
BACK HOME! OH, DON'T FORGET YOUR
APPOINTMENT TOMORROW WITH TOM
SCOBY!

I'LL BE THERE, HONEY,
ALTHOUGH I CAN'T
IMAGINE WHAT HE
WANTS TO SEE ME
ABOUT! WELL, GOOD
NIGHT, SWEETHEART!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE OFFICE OF THE SUNNY RIDGE COURIER...

MY WAR MEMOIRS? WHO WOULD BE INTERESTED IN MY FOXHOLE LIFE IN KOREA? AND, ANYHOW, I CAN'T WRITE!

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN WHAT THE ORDINARY G.I. LIVES THROUGH OVER THERE... AND YOU'RE EXACTLY THE GUY WHO WOULD GIVE IT THAT PERSONAL TOUCH!



NO, IT WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE ABOUT YOURSELF, NOR WOULD YOU HAVE TO WRITE IT. ONE OF MY RE-WRITE MEN CAN DO IT FOR YOU!

RE-WRITE MAN? SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL DO IT ON THE CONDITION THAT I CAN GET **MY OWN** WRITER!



IT'S GOTTA BE THIS WAY, MR. SCOBY! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GO WRONG WITH THIS WRITER FRIEND OF MINE!

OKAY, JOE, DO IT **YOUR** WAY, BUT GET THE STORY IN BY PRESSTIME TOMORROW NIGHT!



THAT SAME AFTERNOON...

RICK, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU! I WANT TO WRITE SOME OF MY WAR EXPERIENCES, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HANDLE IT!

HAW! HAW! "HOW I LICKED THE REDS SINGLEHANDED," BY JOE BURCH! **HERO!**



BEFORE YOU SHOOT THAT BIG MOUTH OFF AGAIN, LISTEN TO MY STORY! IT'S GOT LITTLE TO DO WITH ME! I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE!

ALL RIGHT, FIRE AWAY! I'LL TRY TO KEEP FROM YAWNING OUT LOUD!



"I WAS IN A SQUAD COVERING A RETREAT FROM WONJU. BIG ED WALKER WAS OUR SERGEANT, A TOUGH GUY, BUT SOFT AS A KITTEN WHEN IT CAME TO DALE BAXTER, A KID REPLACEMENT WHO REMINDED HIM OF A BROTHER HE RECENTLY LOST..."

SARGE, DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER SEE OUR OUTFIT AGAIN?

WE GOT ORDERS TO DIG IN AND HOLD SO'S THE COMPANY CAN PULL OUT OF THIS TRAP! BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET BACK! HERE, LEMME HELP YOU!



"MOMENTS LATER, RED TANKS BROKE THROUGH..."

THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT AT US, SARGE! IF THEY GET THROUGH, THE COMPANY WILL BE WIPED OUT!

WE'LL TRY TO HOLD 'EM, KID, BUT WE CAN'T STAND UP LONG AGAINST THEM TANKS!



C'MON, KID!
YOU CAN'T
STAY HERE!

NO, THOSE
TANKS GOTTA
BE STOPPED!
LEMME GO,
SARGE!

"BEFORE BIG ED
COULD STOP HIM THE
KID LIT OUT FOR THE
TANKS WITH A BELT
FULL OF GRENADES..."

KID! KID! COME
BACK HERE!
COME BACK!

WHAT'S A MATTER,
RICK, YOU'RE NOT
SICK, ARE YOU?
FEEL ALL RIGHT?

YEAH—I'M
OKAY! IT'S
JUST THAT
THIS IS

WHAT I
WENT THROUGH IN 1944
UP IN THE BULGE... IT'S
LIKE MY OWN STORY!
GO ON, JOE!

"SUDDENLY, THE KID GOT HIT. ED WENT
HAYWIRE WHEN HE SAW IT, AND MUSTERING
ALL HIS STRENGTH, HURLED A LAND MINE
IN THE PATH OF THE ONRUSHING TANK..."

"TOO LATE TO SWERVE, THE RED
TANK WAS BLASTED TO SHREDS..."

"LATER, AT A TEMPORARY AID
SHELTER..."

I'M SORRY,
SARGE! THE KID'S
DEAD! NOW,
C'MON—YOU
CAN USE SOME
PATCHING UP
YOURSELF!

"FROM THAT DAY, ED WALKER NEVER SPOKE
A WORD TO THE SQUAD EXCEPT WHEN
NECESSARY, AND EVERYBODY HATED HIS INSIDES..."

LOOK AT THE BIG APE!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO HIM
WITHOUT GETTIN' YOUR
EARS PINNED BACK! HE
STILL BLAMES HIMSELF
THAT THE KID WAS BUMPED!
HOW CAN YOU
MAKE HIM SEE
DIFFERENT?

IT'S NO USE! HE DON'T
UNDERSTAND THAT THE
KID DID WHAT HE HAD
TO DO! THERE WAS
NO STOPPING HIM!
THE KID GOT HIS
COURAGE RIGHT
FROM BIG ED!

DEAD?
DEAD? HE
WAS TOO
YOUNG TO
DIE! HE WAS
JUST LIKE MY
OWN KID
BROTHER!

I GUESS BIG ED CARRIED THAT FEELING OF GUILT WITH HIM ALL THE TIME! IT WASN'T HIS FAULT AT ALL, WAS IT, JOE?

NO, AND ALL THE MEN KNEW IT, BUT SOMETHING QUEER HAD HAPPENED TO BIG ED AND HE COULDN'T BE TALKED OUT OF THAT GUILT FEELING!

HOW'S IT COMING, RICK?

OKAY, JOE! I FEEL LOOSENED UP ALL OVER... JUST LIKE BACK IN 'FORTY-ONE, BEFORE THE WAR! THE WORDS JUST FLOW! COME BACK TOMORROW MORNING AND IT'LL BE ALL DONE!

THE NEXT DAY, JOE TAKES THE COMPLETED MANUSCRIPT TO TOM SCOBY...

WELL, HERE IT IS, MR. SCOBY! HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

STICK AROUND, JOE! I'LL LET YOU KNOW!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

JOE, IT'S GOOD! THIS STUFF HAS ZING AND DEPTH! BRING THIS GUY AROUND!.. THERE'S A GOOD JOB FOR HIM ON THE COURIER!

YOU MEAN THAT? I'LL HAVE HIM HERE THIS AFTERNOON!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

LOOK, RICK, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, LET TOM SCOBY TELL YOU HIMSELF!

I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN, JOE! I FELT THAT STORY! AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS I KNEW I COULD WRITE AGAIN!

IN THE COURIER OFFICE...

I CAN CERTAINLY START YOU AS A STAFF RE-WRITE MAN, AND WITH YOUR TALENT THERE'S NO LIMIT TO HOW FAR YOU CAN GO!

THANK YOU, MR. SCOBY! THIS IS A REAL RED-LETTER DAY FOR LOIS AND ME!

AS THEY LEAVE THE OFFICE...

YOU CAN SEE YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED, JOE! AND, SAY—WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SERGEANT ED WALKER? HOW'S THE STORY END?

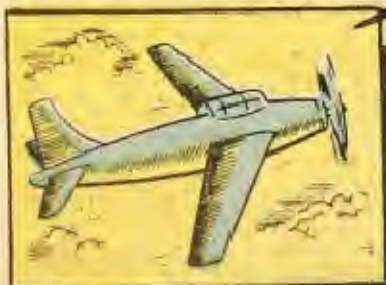
OH, I COULD'VE ENDED IT ANY WAY I WANTED—SINCE I MADE IT ALL UP! NOW, C'MON—LET'S FIND A SPOT WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE!

The End

POWERFUL

Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

THIS amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans - or whatever else you want to make GO with the flip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you - ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1 1/4 inches; weighs only an ounce; turns up clock to 7,000 r.p.m.; REVERSES instantly, too! Motor is in plastic housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gear box - PLUS ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratios - up to 80-to-1!



IDEAL FOR MODEL BOATS
So Powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as fifty times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.



SWELL FOR PLANE!
The terrific jet-turbine-like speed of this motor makes it a "home" for all types of model planes. (When geared down, it will actually turn a standard 6 ft. real airplane propeller!)

NO DANGER OF SHOCKS OR SHORTS
AND NO TRANSFORMER IS NEEDED!



HERE'S AN ACTUAL SIZE of the MIGHTY MIDGET.



RUNS ON ORDINARY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES!



MULTI-RATIO PLASTIC GEAR BOX INCLUDED!



PLUS THESE 10 EXTRA GEARS AND PULLEYS!

It's Entirely **SAFE!** It's **EDUCATIONAL!**
It's More **FUN** Than a Barrel of Monkeys!

Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things - with gears, direct-drive, or with pulleys and "belt-drive" arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang!

Mail coupon below, NOW, without any money. Or if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you! simply send \$2.98 as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent POSTPAID as described above to: Imperial Sales Co., 114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.

JUST SHOW THIS AD TO YOUR DAD!

Your father will see at a glance how helpful this real little motor can be in an educational way. You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom. SEE the laws of Science and principles of Engineering AT WORK!

ONLY \$2.98

COMPLETE WITH GEARS AND TWO BATTERIES!

SEND NO MONEY!

You need send no money with coupon at right. Simply tear or cut out, fill in clearly and mail to address shown. Your MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motor - complete with two fresh long-life 1 1/2 volt batteries, battery clip, plastic gear box fan blade and set of 10 extra gears and pulleys - ALL will be sent you by return mail. When postman delivers it, pay only \$2.98 plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, return it within ten days and your money will be refunded **IN FULL!** But our supply of MIGHTY MIDGET Motors is limited. So act promptly **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

IMPERIAL SALES CO., Dept. ZO-1

114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Yes! I want one of those new MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motors, complete with batteries, gears, etc. as described above. Rush me the "whole works" at once. I will pay postman only \$2.98, plus few cents postage, as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE!** Check here if you are ENCLOSED \$2.98 as payment in full, in which case we will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee applies, of course!

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

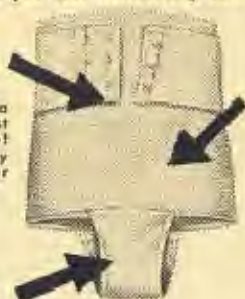
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on a **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!



Rear View FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK

Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2706-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name
Address

City and Zone State
☐ Save 85¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Some Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2706-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.



Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

BUY NOW! at our LOW PRICES!

NEW! MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

Amazing! **2.98**

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC CDM
FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? And so, mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl, molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they link and break through the loop. The perfect complement to any room. Decorates end tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

NEW! AMAZING!

hello! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink, I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

TERROFIC VALUE!
only \$3.98

complete

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving and papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVUE!

SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS

• A BIG SHOW — "Little Red Riding Hood"
• A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
• A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
• COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate!

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SHOW, WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL UP YAN WHIRL TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINNER WILLIE

Imagine Only \$2.98

COMPLETE Projector, One Film and Screen!

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined **TELEVUE** Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and funning movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

HAPPY THE COWBOY

• HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
• MOVES HIS MOUTH.
• ARMS AND LEGS!
• REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk (in your own voice, of course)! Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plastic shirt and western pants. Show off your skill on parties — at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

2.98

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. ZD-2
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Sandy \$3.98	<input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> T. V. Projector \$2.98
	(3 Films \$1.00)

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order we pay postage.

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. ZD-2 New York 3, N. Y.